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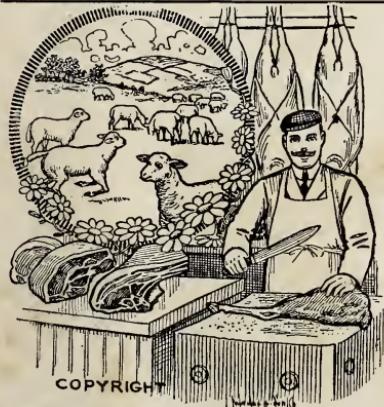
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A Trouser Leg, a Dress Suit Case and a House Party

BY NANCY RENN, '09.

"Jack, old boy, life's worth living after all!" exclaimed Harry Trenmer, as he threw himself into the seat of a Pullman just as the train started off with a lurch.

"Same thought was passing through my mind," returned Jack. "But I say, Harry, this girl question bothers me. You know I never was much with the girls and surely would feel considerably more at ease if there were to be none on this house party. I understand that there is generally an equal number of boys and girls.

"Right you are, pard."

"And if they should drop off into pairs each boy would be expected to entertain a girl."

"Guessed right again."

Jack gave a deep sigh. "Harry, just the thought of that makes me get limp and weak. Suppose I should have to take care of a girl, say for a whole hour, how on earth would I do it?"

"Old man, don't take it so hard, most of the girls are high school girls from sixteen to eighteen years old. All of whom can walk and most of them can talk, so you'll hardly have one crying on your

hands without being able to tell what's the matter. I'll keep an eye and helping hand out for you anyway."

"Thanks." And it sounded as if the word came from the bottom of Jack's heart.

The two boys, Jack Harner and Harry Trenmer, lifelong chums and companions, lived in a progressive town in North Carolina and were on their way to attend a house-party at Tampa, Florida.

It was during the summer holidays and the party was to last ten days at this delightful Southern resort.

Jack and Harry knew several of the boys invited, but only two girls. One from their own town, and Shirley Burrow, from Kentucky. Since Shirley was to be there, it made little difference to Harry whether any other girl arrived or not.

Harry was six feet and broad in proportion. This was his second year in college and he was not only making good marks and scores of friends, but was carrying everything before him in the athletic field.

His chum, Jack, was also a sophomore, studious and popular, but went in for baseball only. They were a nice pair, manly, straightforward, clean, courteous boys, whom every one liked and had perfect confidence in.

Jack was reading the last college magazine and Harry sat twirling his knife, deep in thought. He was thinking of Jack. Jack's pleasure was almost as important as his own, and he knew that if Jack wasn't having a good time on this trip, he couldn't. He knew that Jack didn't object to the girls, but was really afraid of them.

How in the world was he to overcome that? He had heard of accidents happening which would throw off reserve and make friends of people, and he decided to resort to something of the kind. He remembered suddenly that some of the party would join them at Atlanta, and his mind quickly settled on a plan.

If any of the girls came on with a dress suit case he would mix Jack's and the girl's. There would be no harm because they were going to the same house, and after a little surprise and consternation, they would be returned to the rightful owners and all would be well; and, he reasoned, this funny little experience would give Jack and the girl something in common to laugh over and make them friends ever afterwards.

It was a beautiful plan, and he smiled in anticipation, then cast a hasty guilty look to see if by any chance Jack had read his thoughts, but that person was still reading and apparently unconscious of the leading part he was to play.

When they reached Atlanta several of the party joined them, four boys whom they already knew and three girls who were perfect strangers.

Jack and Harry jumped up to greet their friends and meet the girls, and help them get settled. Oh, joy! Two girls had suit cases with them; luck was with him. He saw Jack moving his dress suit case and looked to see where he placed it. There it was in a space by itself with a string tied to the handle. When they left home, this string had held one of Jack's cards, placed there as a precaution against mix-ups in baggage, but Harry noticed that in the rush of holiday travel the card had been pulled off and only the string remained, but even that was sufficient for his purpose.

When the other boys had gone into the smoker, he slipped back and examined the grips. Both suit cases were free from cards, but one had the girl's initials on the end.

Harry selected the plain one, quietly slipped it over where Jack's was and placed Jack's where the other was, then he tied the string on the girl's suit case. Everything is so easy when you know how. Before he joined the others he glanced at his grip to make sure it was all right. There it was, just where he had placed it.

Nothing eventful happened before reaching Tampa, which they did Sunday morning, between ten and eleven. Several of the boys had checked their baggage, so taking up the girls' grips, they left Jack and Harry with only their own to see after. Harry chuckled to himself. The hostess met them with horses and traps to drive out to her home, which was several miles from the city.

Harry was the last to get off the train, and after greeting the hostess, she informed him that Shirley Burrow's train was delayed three hours, and asked if he objected to remaining in town until the train arrived, while she, the hostess, went home with the rest of the party.

"Object? I'm only too glad that fate is so good to me," he answered, and accordingly a horse and buggy was left behind for his use.

Just as he was helping the last girl in the carriage his foot slipped, throwing him against the wheel, and, in addition to smearing axle grease all over one leg of his trousers, in some unaccountable way it tore the leg almost half around.

"Drive on, don't worry," he called to them, "I'll have plenty of time to go to the hotel and make a change."

Throwing on his overcoat to hide the place, he struck out for the nearest hotel and secured a room. His trousers were indeed pitiful

and could never be cleaned or mended well enough to be worn again —they were only good to be thrown away.

He slipped them off and decided he would rather not leave them lying in the room. Looking out the window he saw no one but a little negro girl. "Well, she will do as well as anyone to carry off the wreck," so he tossed them out to her, with the explanation that she could carry them home to her Dad. Then he opened his dress-suit case for another pair.

He gave one look, then a yell, and backed against the wall as far from it as he could. Out of the case in profusion rolled powder-puffs, combs of all descriptions, slippers, pins, gloves, fancy things, which he had seen girls wear around their necks, but knew not the name of, and countless other things.

All this is pretty enough on the girls, but strikes terror to a man's heart when it comes out of a grip where he expects his trousers to be.

"How under heaven did it happen when I have been so particular about my grip?" he said aloud. But there was no time to lose. He rang the bell and soon a boy answered.

"Here, take this money, and go buy me a pair of trousers, and be quick about it, I have to meet the train at 1:30."

"This is Sunday, sir, and all the stores are closed."

Harry sat on the side of the bed with a groan. It was the first time he had remembered that it was Sunday.

"Well, steal around the back way and break in, I'm bound to have a pair of trousers."

"Can't do it, sir, certainly not in broad, open daylight."

"Well, what are you going to do. Can't you see that you have got to do something?" and Harry explained his dilemma.

"Stop that grinning and suggest something. Go all over this hotel and don't stop until you have a pair of trousers that will fit me."

The boy disappeared. Harry paced the floor. Here was Shirley, expected in less than two hours, coming to a strange city and no one to meet her but himself, and he without the most necessary article in a man's wardrobe.

It seemed as if the boy would never return; when he did it was to say that there were no trousers in the house large or long enough for him.

Great beads of perspiration broke out on Harry's forehead.

"Go to the clerk and tell him to get me a pair of trousers," he screamed at the boy. The boy looked scared and disappeared quickly.

After a while the kid returned and eyed Harry suspiciously through a crack in the door.

"Well, idiot, what did he say?"

"He said he b'lieved there's a crazy man in the house and has sent for a cop."

"Send that clerk up here and the cop too, maybe one or the other will be a tall man."

After ages, there was a rap on the door, Harry tore it open, to admit a scared faced clerk and an undersized policeman.

"Where are the pants?" screamed Harry, "get me some pants."

"What pants?" asked the policeman, advancing.

Harry explained to them that he had been sane, but was fast losing his mind, and then told his troubles. The cop broke into peals of laughter and left the room. It was well he did, because it prevented a fight.

The clerk was more discreet. He rubbed the backs of his hands over his mouth several times and told Harry to wait a few minutes, as if he had not already waited hours.

Harry felt like a man in prison and longed to kick the door down, and then realized that the door was the only thing which saved him from the gaze of the unfeeling world.

He glanced at his watch for the five thousandth time and saw that the train was due in thirty-five minutes.

After awhile the clerk returned with a pair, yes, but they stopped fully three inches above his shoe tops. What would he do, with *tempus fugit* all the time.

Then the clerk remembered a pair of high top boots which he had, and suggested that Harry wear the boots and his overcoat.

Out came the watch again; he had fifteen minutes. He was compelled to do something, but suppose the coat should fly open. The very thought made his knees give way under him.

The clerk suggested borrowing needle and thread from the house-keeper and sewing up the coat good and tight. That seemed the only solution to the problem. Hurriedly the clerk went for the boots, needle and thread, and soon had Harry's clothes tightly sewed on.

Such heavy wrappings for a warm Florida town did look funny, but Harry had no time to think of those things.

He repacked the fatal grip, paid the clerk well for his boots and brilliant ideas and hurried as fast as he dared toward the station. He reached there just a few seconds before the train was due and had

time to mop the perspiration which the heavy overcoat and past excitement had helped to raise.

The train pulled in with a roar, stopped with a groan or two, and there stepped off the dear sweet girl.

For a second Harry hung back; she looked so dainty and sweet, and he looked and felt so much like a fool. But there was nothing to be done but go meet her, and he was soon helping her in the buggy, and seeing after her baggage. "Baggage,"—the very name of it made him sick, but he was grateful to find she had brought a steamer trunk instead of a dress suit case.

"Every girl ought to have too much sense to use a dress suit case; that is a man's piece of baggage," he swore to himself.

Harry made a step to get into the buggy, but met serious trouble. He was sewed up so tight that he could not raise one foot to the step. His face turned crimson and he stood dead still. The hotel clerk was not there to help him and he didn't know what to do. He got Shirley interested in picking up the reins and straightening the lap-robe, and while she wasn't looking, climbed up the wheel spoke until he reached the axle and could side-step from there into the buggy.

With a sigh of relief he dropped into the seat. The drop wasn't so bad, but he forgot and raised his knees, and when he did he felt something pop and give away; the coat was ripping open.

He grabbed the buggy robe and wrapped it around his legs, pretending not to notice that Shirley had only the fringe to protect her dress. To hide his embarrassment he talked a blue streak, and tried not to see that Shirley was regarding him very peculiarly. Finally, after he had rubbed a flood of perspiration off his face, she could restrain no longer.

"Why don't you take off your coat if you are so warm?"

A fresh flood of perspiration.

"I er—er—don't you see—you know—er—er—that is I catch cold so easily I am really afraid to."

That was a pretty good answer, he thought, but hot and cold waves began to go over him when he remembered that he would have to help her out of the buggy. Finally the house rose in sight.

"If you don't mind, Shirley, I will let you get out by yourself, as the horse is rather wild."

"Certainly, I don't mind a bit, though the horse doesn't look at all dangerous."

When he drew up at the door, Shirley jumped out and ran up the steps. Harry wondered if he saw her smiling, but he drove to the

back door and sent for Jack. Harry explained for the third time about his trousers, and by means of a back stairway got Jack to pilot him to his room without meeting anyone.

"Who else has his dress suit case mixed up," asked Harry, feeling his way along cautiously.

"No one," answered Jack.

"Why, I have one of these girl's, and she has mine."

"No, every girl has her baggage all right."

"And my suit case isn't here?" panted Harry.

"No, there were not any extra ones," was the consoling reply.

It was curious about his suit case, he thought, but said aloud, "Who is there in the house that I can borrow a pair of trousers from then, Jack?"

"There's not another fellow anywhere near your height and build, old fellow."

"But I've got to have a pair of trousers," began Harry, with his same old hotel cry.

After a careful tour through the house, it was found that there wasn't a pair anywhere near Harry's size, consequently he had to stay in his room until Monday, when Jack could drive to the city and get him a pair, and he was five days in getting his grip from the girl who had got off several stations ahead of Tampa and had mistaken Harry's suit case for her own. The thoughtfully worked up scheme on the train had not worked at all.

The suit case Harry saw Jack put down belonged to one of the girls, and Harry had simply slipped the string from one girl's case to another. But he helped Jack get acquainted after all, for while he was shut up in his room, Jack was explaining the funny situation and entertaining his girl, and Harry's too, until Harry was able to appear in public.

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend."



The Fall of Zeke

By OWEN Z. WRENN, '08

He had played ball before. But coming as he did from a small village, he had had no experience with the newer implements of torture, so extensively known to modern baseball players. He had played ball before he was big enough to chew tobacco, and he held a high rank in the tobacco chewers' line. He had played every place from catcher to fielder; and he had been hurt everywhere from his head to his feelings. He had caught mostly, because he was the only one that didn't have any better sense. He caught for the famous "Long Jim," who pitched for his home team. And "Long Jim" could pitch, too! It was generally understood that he could throw a curve, but by some it was a disputed fact. Nevertheless, he was a famous pitcher. And it was claimed by some that he held a team down to thirty-nine hits and twenty-three runs.

This explanation is merely to show that Zeke had a right to feel proud and self-confident, as he climbed over the fence between him and a dozen or two of small, tough looking kids.

They said they wanted one more man to fill up the side, and asked him would he play. Now, some of the same boys had called him "Reuben," and for that very reason he would show them a thing or two. Accordingly, he got his coat off and made ready to show them how to play ball. They said "Sporty," their regular catcher, was laid up with the measles, and ased him if he could catch. Of course he could. Then they handed him the mask, but he told them he couldn't catch with that thing. He also refused the mitt and breast protector, saying that he would show them how to catch ball.

It should be said that little Billie Smoot was somewhat famous for pitching; in fact he was the champion of the fourth ward. But Zeke didn't know this, and if he had it would not have made any difference, for he had caught the well known "Long Jim." Billie wanted to let Zeke get used to him, but Zeke thought that would be

degrading, so he told him to fire ahead. Zeke got back about twenty feet and told them he was ready. After the laughter had subsided so that a roar could be heard, they explained to him that the catcher stood up under the batter; and they showed him how. He kicked some, but being a brave chap, he got up to the right spot. Billie asked Zeke for his signals, but Zeke didn't understand, so he let it go at that. Now Zeke didn't exactly see how he was going to catch it up there, but he yelled out, "Let 'er come." It came. It seems that Zeke never had noticed a curve very much before, anyway he grabbed at the ball, and then he grabbed his stomach. After the groans had ceased, and calm was again restored, Zeke spoke in a whisper and said he was just joking about catching, and he wanted to play on one of the bases. But they wanted a catcher, so they told him it was all right and he could get back as far as he wanted to. He started, and felt of his stomach and stopped; then he started again. Then things went smoothly the rest of that inning.

Zeke was the first man up on his side, and he resolved to kill the ball. He knew he could do it, for he had knocked one into Sam Slocum's hog pen one time, and that was a good long distance. With these things revolving in his mind, he went to the bat with the determination of a hero in a dime novel. The first ball came directly towards his head, and he promptly dodged, but by some strange miracle it went directly over the base. He screwed up his courage to the striking place and fanned at it and missed it as far as a congressman misses some of the questions of the day. Then, with one mighty effort, he swung at the next one—and—went clean around and broke the catcher's shin. He was out, and so was the catcher.

In the next inning Zeke threw one to second base and it went over the center fielder's head. Zeke admitted that he must have been a little rattled, but he would do better next time. Zeke was at the bat once more. This time, by some strange accident, he hit it, and ran—he ran worse than an office seeker trying to make one thousand dollars a year from a five-hundred dollar brain. He ran over the first baseman, and knocked out a few of his teeth.

After that it looked like a football game. Sometimes Zeke was on top, and sometimes the others were on top. With one mighty effort Zeke cleared the mob, and with another as mighty he cleared the intervening space between him and the fence, and with yet another he cleared the fence.

Alas! that is the way of the world. One butts in, and gets butted out.

Moral: Never butt into a game of baseball with crooked intentions.

A Necessary Decision

BY RUBY MARKHAM, '08.

They were celebrating the last night of the college year with a canoe cruise up the romantic Roanoke River. He was about to leave the University forever, and the lengthening shadows on the placid waters brought home to him the fact that he was quitting the world of ideals for the world of realities.

She was a town girl and had probably been rowed up the Roanoke a hundred times by sentimental collegians. But even for her, the willow shadows seemed to take on new and strange forms that night.

The long paddle dipped with graceful and measured sweeps in the clear, sparkling water as the moonbeams danced over it. There was silence within and without the boat as it lazily pushed up stream. The maiden pushed back her sleeves to the elbow and trailed her shapely, sun-browned arms in the water.

"So this is our last night on the Roanoke," she murmured at length, as if reluctant to break the delicious silence.

The paddle swept forward and back, once, twice, and was laid across the canoe.

"Oh, well," he answered, "I suppose you'll find some one else just as eager to paddle for you. I think you might at least regret my going rather than sigh because we can't take more boat rides. I suppose next fall you'll be trailing those heavenly arms in the water beside some freshman's canoe just as you have this year by mine." Then he regretted, and added hastily, "But, really and truly, Nell, we have had some fine and memorable canoe trips, haven't we?"

The girl pulled a yellow water-lily from among the reeds and looked into its folds, which were brightly illumined under the summer moon. The boy lighted his pipe, and, as the girl played aimlessly with the lily, blew meditative rings of wavy smoke. The canoe drifted back into the shadows of the forsaken mill.

"I suppose you will come to the dance next year?" she ventured for want of something better.

"No, it would be too aggravating, Nell, to walk up and say, 'Miss Warfield, may I have the pleasure of one dance this evening?' and then to hear you say, 'I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Clark, but they are all taken.'"

No response from the opposite end of the canoe.

"But, Nell, you have done a lot for me these four college years," the young man continued, "you've kept me out of mischief."

He lighted his pipe and then, disregarding completely the warning sign on the boat landing, he sank into the canoe bottom at the very feet of its fair occupant. She was in the stern, and couldn't very well retreat.

"Aren't we drifting?" she murmured.

"Not now, Nell, but we are likely to after tomorrow. Somehow or other, Nell never knew, the fair hand with the yellow water-lily became entangled with the brawny hand which had held the paddle. The canoe traveled with the current and passed in and out of the dancing, fantastic shadows.

"Nell, dear, I love you," he blurred out. "My college course is ended. Tomorrow I pack my books away and leave the campus and the old town of Roanoke forever. Must I leave you, too?

"I love every leaf of every oak in the dear old campus. And I love every crooked lane and winding path in the town itself. And, Nell, I love them all because I love you. There are other oaks, and other rivers, and other campuses and other crooked lanes; but there's only one Nell. I believe we are drifting, dear, but let's stop drifting right now. You and I can surely paddle the canoe."

The yellow water-lily was gone. The pipe was gone, and well—

The melody of distant song floated over the water from afar. The canoe took its own course, while the paddle trailed behind.

"Oh, Rob! The dam!" she suddenly cried, as the little boat swung into the central current. "I told you we were drifting, Nell," he said earnestly. "Think of the dam which I can see ahead of your refusal to be mine. I'm glad you can see a dam, too. Shall we stop drifting? Shall we stop drifting?"

She glanced once towards the dam and once to the upturned eyes before her. Then she nodded assent just in time to save the canoe and its precious burden.

"One of the greatest lessons in life is to learn to take people at their best, not their worst; to look for the divine, not the human, in them; the beautiful, not the ugly; the bright, not the dark; the straight, not the crooked side."



“The Call of the Diamond”

BY DOUGLAS HILL, '08.

“Mam’selle, will you please stop dreaming and pay attention to your lesson?” No answer from a curly black head leaning over the desk and gazing with big dreamy eyes out of the window toward one solitary tree just beginning to bud in the bright sun of one of the first warm days.

“Mam’selle, did you not hear me? Will you stop dreaming and pay attention?” Mam’selle suddenly jumped up, and throwing out her arms in an almost despairing gesture, and with a little quiver in her voice, cried out:

“Ah! Madame, how can one help but dream on such a day? You can’t know how that one tree and the sunshine and the air all call to me and fill me with a longing, a yearning that one feels in spring, how it reminds me of the good old high school days and baseball! And, oh! Madame, you can never know how sometimes I long for Durham and old D. H. S., and to see that good old team win one more victory—Oh! I just can’t stand it, I wan’t to go back so badly. I just can’t talk French and you French people will drive me mad, mad, mad.”

The old austere voice of Madame cut in on this impassioned speech, “You are excused from class. Go to your room, Mam’selle Stacy.”

With her face buried in her hands, Edna Stacy stumbled towards the door, followed by twenty pairs of wondering eyes, for the petite young demiselles of Madame Legaie’s school for young ladies, Rue—, Paris, were prim and sedate, and this newcomer had never ceased to be a wonder, and an alien, not only by nationality, but by behavior to them. Only one knew how miserable Edna had been these nine long, dreary months. Since her mother had sailed and left her to learn French and become quite an accomplished young lady in Madame’s

excellent school. Edna's roommate was a stranger and an alien also, a young Spanish girl named Pela Ponce de Leon, who was almost as lonely and homesick as she. Edna had at first amused herself by doing daring and shocking things, things that were considered all right in America, but, which never failed to have the desired effect on the demure French girls. To Pela, Edna was a perfect idol and heroine at whose shrine she was ever ready to worship.

As Edna reached the door, Pela rose to follow, but was only in time to see Edna rush toward the front door with her arms wide, and, dashing down the steps, throw both arms around the neck of a very young and very handsome man, who in passing, happened to be at that moment right in front of the tree that Edna had been gazing so steadily at but a few minutes before. "Oh! I beg your pardon. I meant to hug that tree. It reminds me of home. "Oh! Jerry, you darling, where on this earth did you come from?" and this time she really threw her arms around his neck, much to the horror and astonishment of the Madame and the other girls, who had rushed to the windows on hearing Edna's shouts of delight. All this time the young man had not opened his mouth, so astonished was he to behold a seemingly demented girl rush down the steps of a select school for young ladies, and fall on his neck. When he recovered sufficiently from his astonishment to recognize his "embracer," he was almost as wild with joy as Edna.

"Edna Stacy! by all that is wonderful, to find you here. I knew you were abroad, but where I did not know. Your mother positively would not tell me for fear I should write. Can I see—?"

At this moment scandalized Madame rushed forth, and snatching Edna by the arms dragged her back into the house. Pela, in the excitement, slipped out all unnoticed, and when irate Madame had safely conducted the unwilling Edna into the house and closed the door, touched the young man on the arm and whispered, "I know how you feel. I will carry a note to Edna if you wish." He turned quickly on hearing the soft voice at his elbow. "Oh! you will, will you? But how do I know that you will not give my note to that old cat?"

"I am Edna's friend, see," and she showed a little high school pin of Edna's, which she treasured as her most sacred possession.

"Well, I'll try you," and taking a little book from his pocket he scribbled a few words on the fly leaf. "Must see you. When can I? Write me at the Hotel—, Rue— Your own, 'J. B.'" Tearing it out, he folded it into a tiny ball which Pela took and looking intently at him said,

"She will get it. Madame will not know. Oh! you look so like my Carlos. You love Edna? Yes?" But she waited for no answer as she read an answer in the deep blue eyes of the young man bent so intently on the closed door. She slipped quietly in and up to her room, which she found locked, but after repeated knocks a very red-eyed and furious Edna opened for her.

"Pela, my darling, do you know what that woman has done? Locked me up for a week in my room, and I can see no one but the maid and that old priest. Not even you, and, dear, how can I ever see Jerry again?"

"I know, read this."

Edna snatched the note with frantic hands from Pela and literally devoured it with her eager eyes. "Pela! Pela! you must think. I must see him, and just as soon as possible. Here, quick, before Madame comes I will write a little note to him which you must carry and mail for me. But where can I see him? I can't leave this room —and—"

"I know a little gate at the bottom of the garden. It is covered with vines and Madame does not know of it."

"Yes, that is just the thing. He will come to the gate and whistle our old whistle that the crowd had at home. Oh! Pela, isn't it romantic! Suppose Madame catches me. Oh! I don't care if she does. I must see Jerry or I just can't live a moment longer. Here, here, Pela, take this and bribe Annette to mail this when she goes to market tomorrow night. Pela, come here and let me show you the 'Yonkers Lop,'" and catching Pela around the waist, Edna proceeded to caper all around the room, singing at the top of her voice the latest song, after which, hearing a step on the stairs, Pela fled. When Madame walked in, all was as quiet as the grave, save the sobs that came from the black head smothered in a pillow, which Madame took for sobs of contrition, but which sounded strangely like hysterical giggles. Thinking all was right she went out and silently closed the door, thinking that the punishment had had the desired effect, and that perhaps the yells that had but a moment before proceeded from behind that closed door might have been to her French ears but American walls of despair.

Meanwhile the tall young man had, after waiting in vain for that door to open again, walked sadly away. "If that is not devilish luck, by chance to meet the girl you most adore and have her throw you into eternal bliss by falling into your arms and then have her

snatched away by an old French cat and probably punished severely. Oh! hang it all. I must and will see her again. By thunder, wonder if she will answer my note. Gee! but that little girl had heavenly eyes. If I wasn't Jeremiah Barrymore and crazy in love with a girl like Edna Stacy, I swear I wouldn't mind being that fellow Carlos that she said I was like. Gad! but I can't forget those eyes. If she helps me out, I'll make that Carlos love her." Such were his thoughts as he walked back to his hotel. All that day and the next he seemed totally unlike the lazy, good-natured fellow he usually was. He walked up and down the block for hours, was cross and snappish to all that spoke to him, but at last, when a dainty little note came to him, he went almost mad with joy. How could he wait until eleven o'clock, the appointed hour? And, how was he to find that little vine-covered gate? Well, anyway, he would find it. The long hours at length wore away and ten-thirty struck. He could stand it no longer and going out to the hotel garage, he renewed his instruction to his chauffeur, "Emile, have that car at the corner of Rue—at eleven. I will walk and you follow as quickly as possible, and after that you might as well hang around the American consul's. We may need you as a witness." Emile smiled and nodded, and his master set off.

Up at Madame Legaie's things had gone well. Edna, the scapegrace, was shut up and order once more reigned. "But stone walls do not prison make," and when Madame had locked Edna's door, thinking her safely confined, she had counted without an American girl. As Edna had showed no sign of rebelling, Pela had been allowed to return to her room and her idol. So when ten-thirty struck on the night following Edna's disgrace, Madame on her last visit found the lights out and both girls apparently asleep. Away in the distance sounded the faint horn of a motor car, and down in the garden the plaintive notes of a whippoorwill were heard, but Madame did not seem to notice. When the door was shut and her retreating footsteps had almost died away, two ghostly forms rose from the bed and by the light of a little candle slipped quietly to the latticed window and let down a rope made of torn sheets, knotted together, and if Madame had been listening, she might have heard another whippoorwill calling nearer than the garden. "Oh, Edna, be careful, and Edna, dear, I will wait for you. Don't be gone long, as Madame will be sure to catch you and only knows what she will do. Jerk the rope when you get to the bottom." Soon the rope jerked and Pela saw a white form slipping through the bushes and shrubbery.

“Oh, my darling! you did come,” and this time Edna found herself clasped in two strong arms. “Come on, the machine is here—we can go for a ride.”

“Oh! Jerry, you perfect angel, but I can’t go, I can only talk to you here for a few minutes. Pela is waiting for me, and Madame might catch me at any moment. But, I am frantic to go.”

“‘Teddy,’ just once, you won’t be caught. Come on, the night is fine.”

Edna could not resist the old pet name and the delightful prospect and she yielded, slipping through the gate, which she forgot to shut, and soon she and Jerry were out on a long smooth country road with only the new moon to see. In the talk of old times and America, and other things unimportant to everyone except the lovers, the time sped as fast as the machine and before they knew it, the clocks and the bells chimed the hour of midnight. “Jerry, I must go back. Pela is waiting.”

“Why go back at all, dearest?”

“What?”

“Yes, I mean it. I am going to sail tomorrow and want you to go with me. I made arrangements with the American Consul to marry us tonight if you were willing, and oh! you must. After having found you this time, I can’t lose you. Edna, come, won’t you?”

“Jerry, don’t you know somebody says, ‘Yield not to temptation,’ but you don’t know how I would like to yield. The temptation is almost too great. To be with you; to leave France and school and get home to spring time in North Carolina, and baseball—Jerry, if you will take me to a baseball game, I will marry you. I believe I will die if I can’t see a baseball game.”

“My dearest, I will take you to a hundred games if you wish.”

“Then on to the Consul as fast as you can. I want to get there before I lose my nerve and you can’t break your promise.”

Poor Pela, how long she waited she never knew, for tired with waiting she soon fell asleep. Next morning consternation reigned in the school, for the bird had flown and the open window and rope and the little gate in the garden told the story only too plainly, but Pela, when questioned, denied any knowledge of the flight. Later in the morning, a package came for Pela which proved to be a large box of French bonbons, which bore the card, “Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Barrymore,” and under this was written in Edna’s hand, “Good-bye darling, the call of the baseball was too strong. I had to yield.”

A Mountain Climb

BY MARY LOOMIS SMITH, '08.

The day was an exceptionally fine one for mountain climbing—fair and beautiful, yet with just a suspicion of mist clinging to the mountains, and the shadow of clouds in the sky.

Birds were trilling out gloriously the joy of living; brown-eyed Susans nodded at every turn, while blackberries, raspberries and dewberries, with alluring lusciousness, invited one to stop, and above all “the noonday sun of a June day long did shine.” And yet it was a very fickle sun, shining brightly for a few minutes and then sinking into shadow behind the phantom clouds.

At last the summit was reached and the—the grandeur of it all was overpowering.

The sun was playing truant and below lay the city, sleeping, as it were, in the shady, green valley, guarded on all sides by the mountains that rose, dark outlines ever increasing until the veil of mists melted them into a happy blue against the summer sky.

Just then the sun sent a few rays out from beneath his hiding place to see what the world was doing without him, and behold—the mountains were changed. There was still the hazy blue in the far distance, but nearer at hand the sunbeams were kissing the mountain tops, changing some from the stern blue to a golden hue and casting a pink glow on others while the nearest were dark green with foliage.

Far away to the left could be seen an old gray castle, towering picturesquely above the neighboring plains, and down in the valley sparkling threads of silver entwined here and there among the mountains as they reflected back to the sky each beam of sunshine.

Today

BY CLARA CRAWFORD, '09.

The sky is blue, and all the world is glad,
Below the flowers gaze around,
They seem to say, “Today, who could be sad?”

The birds take up the strain with great delight,
And sing and sing to all the world,
That even winter’s vanished in the night.

And all the leaves in every bush and tree
Are murmuring low as lovers do,
Ah! spring, that sweetest name, is dear to me.

Spring Fancies

BY MARY YEULA WESCOTT, '10.

Down on the farm when springtime comes
And the fields and woods are green,
When the sun shines bright and the birds sing loud
As they sing in the trees unseen;
When the brooklets murmur their merry songs
And the world laughs loud in glee,
Down on the farm when springtime comes—
Oh, that is the place for me.

Down on the farm when springtime comes,
When the sun is hid from view,
And the rain is dripping among the leaves
From a sky no longer blue;
When the world's refreshed by cooling showers
And brighter is meadow and lea,
When spring is here and all is glad
The farm is the place for me.

Tranquility

BY INEZ CROOM, '09.

A wondrous night!
Above the stars in still, calm beauty shine,
Gray clouds against the dim horizon's line,
Like gray clad ghosts that threaten something fair;
Are hovering low; there is no moon, and there,
Across the heavens, quiver faint and wide
Swift lightning flashes, once is seen to glide
Into blue nothingness a falling star.

And here beneath
Night's shadows lie, from all life's ebb and flow,
Humanity at rest. Beneath the low
Broad sweeping boughs of trees, sweet summer elves,
Are holding midnight revels, queens themselves
Upon sweet-scented rose petals as thrones
Are seated, pensive breezes wilful drones,
Are resting breathless 'mong the hills afar.

Baseball

Regularly, at the end of every baseball season it becomes the duty of the athletic editor to devote a few words of superlatives to the very laudable purpose of writing up the doings of the baseball team. Precedent demands, usage in the realms of high-school journalism sanctions it.

In nine cases out of ten the youthful reporter, glowing with pardonable school spirit, turns out a "write up" which, when looked at in the right perspective, is found sadly wanting in that saving grace of accurate reporting, impartiality. The article is generally well-spiced with baseball cant that is for the most part unintelligible to any but the fans, and contains such minute reports of individual prowess, such as miraculous catches, phenomenally long hits and like stunts as to grow exceedingly monotonous when put in the abstract.

Such, however, has not been the fault of previous write-ups of our baseball doings, for this sufficient reason: there have been none. It's sad, but true, that previous to this year we have never put out a truly representative baseball team.

It is in keeping, therefore, with the progressive policy of the MESSENGER, that we break away from the time-honored custom of giving a detailed account of every game. We do not do this arbitrarily, for we are convinced that no one can possibly be interested in reading a detailed report of a game that is a month or more old. Moreover, such a report, when divested of its news feature, is nothing more or less than a vainglorious attempt to feed our own vanity.

Perhaps the stars that shone brightest in Durham's constellation this year were "Bill" Whitaker and Captain Brown, who made up a battery that was invincible. Clyde White at second was in a class by himself. His playing was fast and clean and was always a feature of the game. Wrenn, at first base, could always be depended upon and was handy with the stick, besides. Simon, shortstop, and Hamlin, third base were always in the game and pounded out hits at times when they were badly needed. Spencer, in the left garden, played a fast game and was a timely hitter. "Jamie" Cobb, the Lilliputian center fielder, generally gathered in everything that came his way and was the star bunter of the team. Roberson, a first year man, did excellent work in right field and is a ball player of promise. The subs were Glass, Faucette and Young. This, in brief, is the team. Leaving out games played with teams entirely out of their class, such as those with the Trinity Park School and the Trinity College ~~scrubs~~,

the team has made a record that, as far as we know, is unequalled by any city high school in the State. Especially gratifying were the two victories over the Raleigh High School. The games were closely contested and were both extra inning affairs, one eleven and the other fourteen innings. The rivalry between the schools is keen. Raleigh at present holds the debating honors, but Durham has this year captured the athletic honors.

The baseball season is by no means over. Several strong games are yet to be played, notably those with the Greensboro High School. If the team is as successful in these games as they have been in those which they have already played, there is but little doubt that the High School League pennant will go to Durham this year.

The following games have been played by the team. The score speaks for itself:

At Durham, March 25, Trinity Park School 21, D. H. S. 1.

At Durham, March 28, Cary 2, D. H. S. 7.

At Cary, April 11, Cary 3, D. H. S. 5.

At Raleigh, April 4, Raleigh 3, D. H. S. 4.

At Durham, April 14, Raleigh 2, D. H. S. 3.

At Durham, April 21, Bingham 13, D. H. S. 1.

At Durham, April 10, Trinity Second Team 7, D. H. S. 0.

L. I. J., '07.

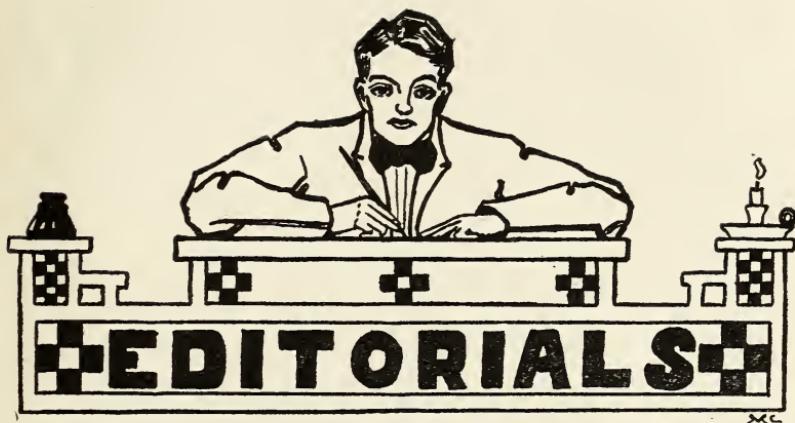
O Tempora! O Mores!

BY VIOLA ALDERMAN, '08.

It used to be in bygone days
When knighthood was in flower,
The "gallant" boy with daring ways
Displayed bewitching power.

And later, in that happy day,
With its romantic spell
The "handsome" boy would win the day
So our foreparents tell.

But if in modern 1908
In Father Time's pursuit,
You ask why one is up-to-date,
It's just because he's "cute."



25

Never has the Durham High School been wider awake than it has this year. We have representatives that we are proud of and who have proven to be victors in every phase of the school life. We have made a success of many ambitious undertakings for high school students.

First, we began school with a large and enthusiastic enrollment. Also the attendance during the entire year has been good, very good. Then, first of all, the scholarship of the students has been better and higher; better work has been done from the standpoint of scholarship and also deportment. These are the essential and fundamental principles of the student while in school.

Then comes the other phase of the school life, the athletic phase. The D. H. S. boys have put out on the gridiron the most victorious football team that has ever worn the white and gold.

We must not slight the fairer sex, they are always awake and busy, of course. The girls have been very enthused over athletics this year, also. They have basketball and tennis and various walking clubs, all of which are very profitable modes of exercising and recuperating.

We have been successful from a literary standpoint since we have presented to the people of Durham a play that was a most encouraging success. Not only a success financially, but every one who was present at the presentation of the "Merchant of Venice" was amazed at the great and successful work of the Shaksperean enthusiasts, mostly young. The success of the play, however, is due to the able

directions and ability of the directress and not so much credit due the actors. However, it was no small undertaking on their part.

Next we have a baseball team that is still keeping up the good record of the D. H. S. colors. Everywhere her pennant waves, she stands preëminent and at the head. The commendable phase of the athletic teams this year is that no student is wearing our colors who does not make passing work on his or her studies. This law of the "Athletic Association" is very rigidly enforced. Before this year anyone who was able to make any of the various teams was allowed to take part.

Scholarship work was beginning to slowly vanish in the background and athletics came first, but no longer does that childish idea prevail in our school. We find, though, it seems a spirit that places the athlete above the literary student and the real scholar; but athletic genius and praise is only temporary honor; it is a "damning with faint praise." Athletic honor doesn't last any longer than the game or season, while the student is awake at all times. The literary student is heard from the entire year, while the athlete fills his season and is dormant until the next season opens, that is the difference. The thing to do is to combine the two, but will athletics and scholarship mix?

Our magazine, we hope, has been a success, or at least has been up to its usual standard. The cover has been changed each issue to a cover that was appropriate and suitable to the season. The magazine has had improvements made in way of paragraph headings, and other profitable ways. The essential, the literary success, we leave with you to pass criticism upon, you that have read from its columns monthly; we do this for fear of appearing a little ostentatious to the public and to people that do not know us.

Now, if we end up with a successful and interesting commencement, why should we not feel good and a little proud of the old D. H. S. and what she has accomplished this year? This year has been the busiest year she has ever experienced in her history. We wish to have something unique and interesting for all this commencement. Not that we wish to do away with the good customs of our old "Alma Mater," but we think a change will do good and be more interesting to the students and public in general. Do you not agree with us on this point? Our commencements have been so monotonous.

J. A. S., '08.



SUSIE MARKHAM, Editor *Pro Tempore*.

When the question of organizing the Girl's Literary Society came up, the girls began to ask the world-old question that belongs to the feminine gender—"What will the boys say?" "The boys" in this case meant that dignified and experienced organization, the Blackwell Literary Society. We soon found out that this body did not intend to treat us disdainfully as a rival, but to be a helpful ally. Following that good example, the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society has met regularly this month. We have just one secret that the boys shall never know, and that is, the amount of fines paid in.

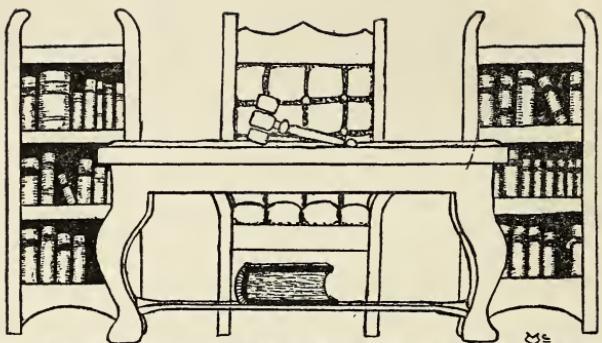
The Society has made an effort to pursue a literary course. It seemed best to begin at home, and John Charles McNeill was the subject for the first meeting. Interesting papers were prepared on the subjects, "John Charles McNeill, the Man," by Miss Annie Preston Bridgers, and on "John Charles McNeill, the Poet," by Miss Ruth Poteat.

On Saturday, April the eighteenth, an Easter meeting was held. Rain kept some members away, and for that reason the entire program could not be carried out. Miss Ruby Markham read an instructive and entertaining paper on "Easter Customs." Miss Elise Lloyd gave an excellent recitation. Miss Annie May Corbett, of the class of 1907, was present, and spoke encouragingly of the work of the Society.

"Sidney Lanier" was the topic for the next meeting. Misses Lucy Stokes, Virginia Badgett and Ethel Thompson were appointed to take part in this meeting. Misses Florence Green and Julia Henry recited.

At each meeting current events are reported by some member previously appointed.

The Society regrets exceedingly the loss of two valuable members, Miss Annie Preston Bridgers, Vice-President, and Miss Emily Bridgers, Treasurer, who have recently moved to Asheville. In their places Miss Ruth Poteat was elected Vice-President and Miss Susie Markham, Treasurer.

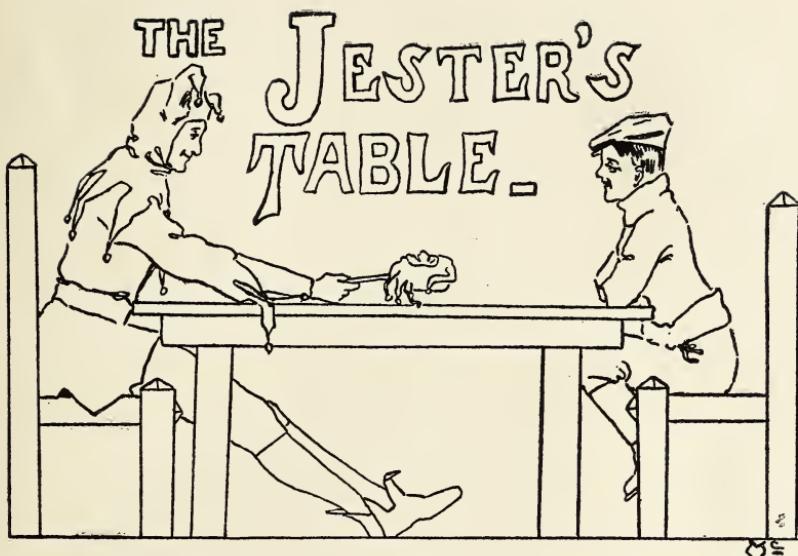


BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY.

In order to increase the social side of our Society work, a banquet will be given in the school building on some Friday night in the coming month. Every member should join in this, as this will perhaps be the last time that all the members of the Society will meet together.

Although the Society as a whole has been doing good work this year, there are a few who have not given to the Society their best work. You who have not done your best work have yet time to redeem yourselves. So get to work. Let's have good debates and declamations for the remaining part of the year. It may take a little part of your time and work, but you will be greatly benefited by it. You owe this to the Society, so we are expecting you to redeem yourself in the coming month.

In order to make the Society hall more attractive, there has been recently purchased a number of pictures of prominent statesmen and authors. There are now in the hall the pictures of Patrick Henry, Robert E. Lee, George Washington, William Gladstone, Daniel Webster, Tennyson and Longfellow. Boys, be inspired by these pictures and strive in speaking to reach towards their standard of perfection.



Can any one tell how just the "four couples" had nerve enough to march all the way from the back of the hall up to the "eight reserved seats" in front. Perhaps Fuller Glass might suggest the "how."

* * *

Tommy—"I looked through the key-hole when Sis was in the parlor with her beau last night."

Father—"And what did you find out, my son?"

Tommy—"The lamp, sir."—Ex.

* * *

Laurence C.—"Percy, what does Huyler's cost a pound."

P. Spencer—"Eighty cents."

Laurence C.—"Golly Moses, Percy. I can't buy one pound for Rebecca, not to say a word about a five-pound box."

P. Spencer—"Well, you know that there is nothing too high for Ruby(s).

* * *

Hannah Pope does not like fish. But she "show does" like a "Fisher."

"Pa, are you a self-made man?"

"Yes (loftily), but why do you ask?"

"Why, I was thinking while you were about it you might have put a few more hairs on your head."

* * *

She—"Do you like tea?"

He—"Yes, but I like the next letter better."—Ex.

* * *

The following was handed in with the other excuses the other day:

TEXAS, U. S. A.

'FESSOR GREEN:—Might you please excuse Mr. Garland Gustevus Greever at 12 o'clock, cause he wants to see the per-raide as he ain't never seen one. An' he says 'Fessor Kublor says it goin' to be mighty fine to oblige Sally."

* * *

Teacher—"What figure of speech is 'I love my teacher?'"

Pupil—"Sarcasm."—Ex.

* * *

The class of naught eight,
Does nothing from early till late
But chew the everlasting gum,
Which the teachers all pronounce so bum.

* * *

Mildred Muse says she is the shampaign player of the basketball team (champion).

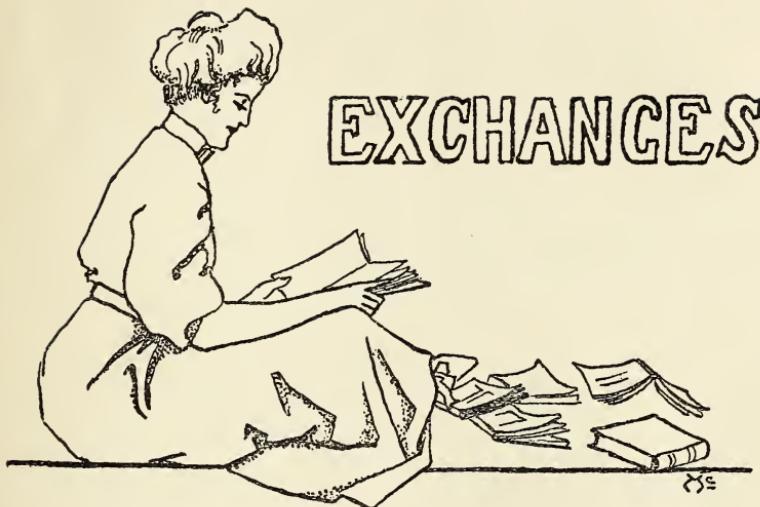
* * *

He that hath money and refuseth to subscribe to the High School magazine, but looketh over his neighbor's back to behold the contents thereof, is like unto an ass who, having a manger full of straw, nevertheless nibbleth that of his companion and then brays with glee.—Ex.

* * *

Why does Nancy Renn go up Main street?

Why, to get around the *Körner*.



EXCHANGES

We thought that perhaps it might be interesting to our readers and contributors to know what criticisms on our magazine have appeared in other exchange departments during this last year.

We also wish to thank our exchanges for the kind, honest criticism which they have given us and by which we believe ourselves to be not a little benefited.

The Index, from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, says: "You rank among the best exchanges the Index receives. We like that idea of having cuts at the beginning of your stories, as it adds much to the attractiveness of a paper."

And again: "The MESSENGER is the best high school publication in the list. It is not only the largest and best arranged paper, but the material is also of a most excellent character, the latter being especially true of the editorials. There is one matter that deserves some attention, and that is the cover; a good, new cover design improves the appearance of a paper wonderfully." And we took the hint.

The Trinity Park School Gazette has been very complimentary to us. The criticism of our September issue was: "We are very glad to welcome the MESSENGER of the Durham High School among our other exchanges. The literary department meets our heartiest commendation. It contains several good stories, which are well told and writ-

ten, and hold the interest of the reader till the last. The poem, 'A Seashore Idyl,' is worthy of mention."

Our October number was thus commented on by this magazine: "The MESSENGER is up to its usual standard, which is a good and well edited magazine, and its staff deserves praise. One of its good stories is 'Where Fate Led Him.' 'The Farewell' is another well written article.

The High School Enterprise, from Raleigh, speaks of us thus: "The pupils of the Durham High School may well be proud of the first issue of their magazine, the MESSENGER. It is an exceptionally good magazine throughout. Several poems add to the value of the literary department."

"Greensboro's high school magazine says: "It seems to us that the September number of the Durham MESSENGER could not be improved upon to a great extent. The stories and poems are good, and the departments admirably conducted. If the good work is continued, we prophecy for the MESSENGER a very successful year."

The Dragon, from Greenfield, Ohio, says: "'Where Fate Led Him,' in the MESSENGER, is well worth reading."

From one of our new exchanges, Tileston Topics, came the following: "The MESSENGER is very good indeed, and it certainly reflects credit upon the pupils of the Durham High School. The editorials very well written."

The Horner Cadet, Oxford: "The MESSENGER from D. H. S. is always the first magazine on our exchange table. This little magazine is full of life and interest, and does credit to any school."

The High School Spectator, Paterson, N. J.: "The lengthiness of the 'Jester's Page' in the September MESSENGER is due to the untiring and fruitful efforts of Douglas Hill."

Of our exchanges for this month we wish to say that all are very good and have improved wonderfully during the year. In fact we would hardly recognize the first and later issues to belong to the same magazine.

We gratefully acknowledge Tileston Topics, The Index, The Spike, The High School Enterprise, The High School Item, The Occident, The High School Student, The Quaker, The Campus, St. Mary's Muse and The Blue and Gold.



GENTLE KNOCKS

WANTS

WANTED

WANTED—To love and be loved in return. WILLIE COX.

WANTED—A mustache.
CLAIR YOUNG.

WANTED—A good flesh reducer (?) HALLIE ELLIOT.

WANTED—To look pretty.
FRANK WHITE.

WANTED—To be "played" with.
WELLIE GLASS.

WANTED—Her "pitcher" and her "stray horn"

ANNIE BAGWELL.

WANTS

WANTED

WANTED—To meet any girls that can be easily fooled. Shy, confiding kind preferred.

DONALD LAFAYETTE SASSER,
Gay Deceiver and Heart Smasher

WANTED—The cessation of the tenth grade's talking.

THE TEACHERS.

WANTED—A reserved seat in the office. "DICK" TALIAFERRO.

WANTED—Some one to enter the 4th year French class who has some idea of French.

THE FRENCH CLASS.

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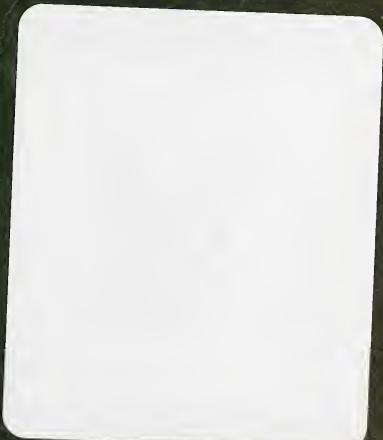
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